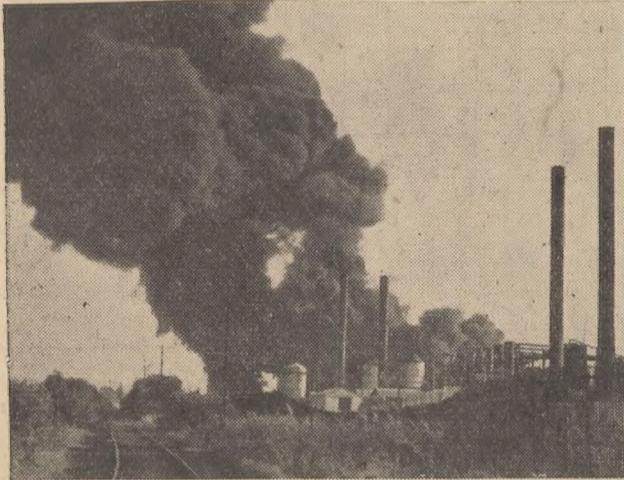


Good Morning 324

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



HERE'S A FIRE They can't put out

(Says Web Fawcett)

THE world's biggest blaze is miles from the blitz areas and the battlefields. It's burning merrily at New Straitsville, Ohio, in the heart of one of the richest industrial regions in America.

Nearly sixty years ago, a spark from a steel-tipped miner's boot set light to a few straw shavings, and then to a stack of timber pit-props.

As the fire spread to the coalface, fire-fighters said confidently they would have it in hand in a matter of hours.

The fire has been raging ever since, running from one working to the next, biting through the earth to neighbouring mines, relentlessly spreading until to-day it covers an area of twenty-four miles and has devoured £10,000,000 worth of coal.

At first the people of New Straitsville were rather proud of their blaze. They showed visitors how snow melted in their wells and grew summer plants in the depth of winter in the fire-warmed ground. They were able to dispense with central heating.

Gradually the heat of the subterranean inferno opened great chasms and craters in the streets and squares. Some were big enough to devour a lorry. One opened suddenly and engulfed a house.

Acrid gases springing from the depths of the earth drove people from their homes. No one was long able to withstand the sooty stench, and soon a smoky pall covered the derelict houses.

New Straitsville, heart of the blaze swept by sulphurous gases, was rocked by underground explosions.

WENT UP IN STEAM.

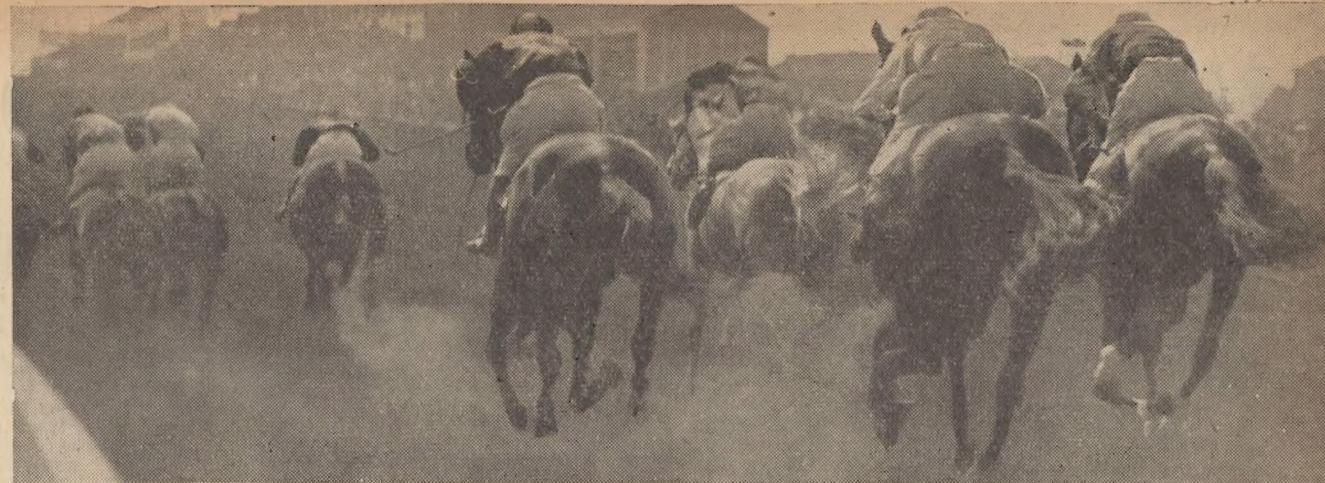
The U.S. Army was called out to help thousands of firemen recruited from all parts of America.

They tried to block the workings in the path of the blaze with fireproof materials. The fire merely ate into the soft coal above and around, and went sweeping on.

Dynamite was dropped down the open craters. It appeared merely to open new channels and avenues for the flames.

A river was diverted into the mines. It merely went up in steam!

Private mining companies spent fortunes and many went bankrupt in seeking to overcome this biggest blaze on earth. Eventually the task was abandoned, and the



Is there a future in RACING

FOR the young ex-Service his riding days are over, and he man who has an idea of finding an after-the-war career in sport, the Turf does not hold out much inducement. As an industry it has a lot of leeway to make up and as a sport it calls for many improvements, if it is to hold its former high place in competition with all the other sporting events that attract the public.

Of all the sports affected by the war, horse-racing has suffered most. Apart from the many courses that will need much time and effort to put them in condition for racing there is the big problem of the shortage of horses. You cannot breed racehorses in a hurry, and it will be several years before the shortage is made up. Then, again, if the present rate of taxation remains there will be very few men and women rich enough to be able to own strings of racehorses.

This may possibly turn out to be a boon if it means that

more small owners may be plums and the young lads eat attracted. After all, it served out their hearts waiting for to widen the interest and the riders that do not eventuate prizes are likely to be more and eventually become dis-illusions. It is the mention of widely distributed. But ownership of racehorses is not of princely sums earned by the successful few that is the magnet that draws the lads in

the first instance. There are various opinions on the apprenticeship question. In theory there is nothing so good as an apprenticeship to any trade or count many generations of profession, but in horse-racing considered the usual thing for a providing trainers with cheap jockey to take up training when labour.

It is very rare for the Jockey Club to grant a professional jockey's licence to a rider who has not served an apprenticeship with a licensed trainer. This means that a career as a jockey is out of the question unless a youngster makes up his mind round about the age of 14 at the latest; and of all the boys apprenticed very few indeed stand any sort of a chance of becoming jockeys.

This has been a sore point in racing for many years. The leading jockeys get all the

W. H. Millier looks ahead for Jobs

It may sound surprising, but it is true to say that an apprenticeship to a trainer is one of the worst blind-alley jobs a lad can undertake. His chances of becoming a jockey are so remote that he would be much better off by starting out as an errand boy to a cat's meat merchant.

I know several good lads who were inspired by the thoughts of riding thrilling races and thus allowed themselves to be bound for seven years and finished up by working all the hours a slave would be compelled to work for little better than starvation wages. The pay of stable lads has for years been scandalous.

Of course, it largely depends on the trainer to whom the boy is apprenticed. Stanley Wootton was probably more famous as a trainer of jockeys than he was a trainer of horses, and very few could give him points at that, but he is the exception that proves the rule. He made the training for jockeys his specialty and he was a very strict tutor. He would not accept just any sort of boy sent to him, but was rigid in his requirements, and he could pick and choose.

If a trainer has any sons he usually takes them as apprentices and, unless they happen to grow too quickly, it goes without saying that they will get all the chances that are going of getting rides in public. It is only fair to say that the blame for lack of opportunities of apprentices does not rest on the trainer's shoulders; it is the owner who is chiefly responsible. His way of looking at the problem is this: "I have spent quite a lot of money in buying bloodstock, paying entry fees, training expenses and other incidentals. I want to win certain races in order to get something back, and I must get the best jockey available in order to make the most of my chances. I cannot run the risk of engaging an apprentice or a comparatively unknown rider."

There you have some explanation of the difficulties. The fashionable jockey gets the rides on the best horses and can therefore maintain a good average of winners. All the same, it is an unwise policy, and I have no sympathy to waste on the people who are now bewailing the shortage of jockeys. These people who are now complaining are the very ones who have contributed to this undesirable state of affairs.

The shortage of young jockeys has become so pronounced that at last the Jockey Club has been forced to act. As an inducement, a new scale of allowances has been drawn up. Apprentices who are lucky enough to get rides in public now have a 7lb. allowance until they have won six races. After that they may claim a 5lb. allowance until they have won 25 races, and then the allowance becomes 3lb. until the handsome total of 40 win-

ning races has been reached, when they start from scratch. This should be some inducement for owners to consent to more work being given to apprentices, but you can never be sure of anything in racing, particularly where owners are concerned.

From all this you may gather that it is by no means an act of friendliness to advise a youngster to become an apprentice jockey. In this age of mechanisation the love of the horse may not be so strong as it was a few decades ago, particularly with the juveniles, and it does not call for prophetic vision to foresee that the time is not far distant when trainers will have to hold out some guarantee before they will get youngsters to enter their stables as readily as they have done in the past.

For the man who is so badly bitten by the racing bug that he feels he cannot be happy unless he finds a job that takes him

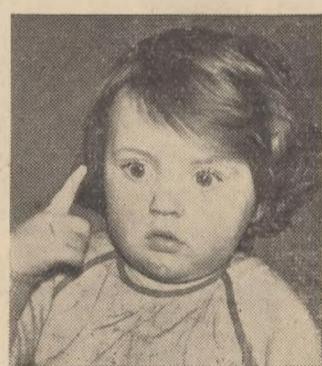
I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

Emily Brontë.

close to it there are many sidelines in connection with the Turf. If you have enough cash you can become a bookmaker, but if funds do not permit this and you have a quick brain for figures there are always openings for a bookmaker's clerk.

There will be plenty of jobs going in order to get the various courses in condition for racing. On each course a certain number have to be permanently employed, and these jobs are usually given to ex-Servicemen. The totalisator staffs will grow apace as conditions get nearer to normal and as better catering facilities are being planned this will mean more work for men who know something about catering for hungry and thirsty sportsmen.

IT'S V-FOR VICTORY, A.B. RAYMOND ROSTRON!



Your fiancee, Hilda Langdon, is keeping very well, and hopes that you are receiving her mail. She had a letter from you the day before we called.

Raymond Cook, your old pal, wrote to your mother the other day, and enclosed a snap of himself which was really good. He has just got his wings, and has now three stripes up!

Mrs. Harrison, from across the road, popped in, and brought baby Linda, who refused to go home. Linda has grown very fond of your Dad, and sees to it that she

is home when he arrives every evening after work. She sits on his knee and helps him to eat his tea, despite the fact that she has usually had hers about five minutes before.

We asked her how old she was, and she very proudly gave us the "V for Victory" sign.

Your mother asked us to send you a big kiss, Raymond, while your Pa sent you the best of luck, and said that he, too, will be pleased to see you. Good Hunting!



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

IT'S DOWN THE HOLD

PART XI

The Sea-green Grocer

"THEN take my tip and leave him alone," advised the Irishman, going down on all fours and crawling about the floor. "There was seven pesos went up in the last toss and only six came down again. There'll be a square bit of trouble if 'tisn't found."

"Perhaps it got caught in them things up there," suggested Pybus, pointing to the clusters of candles, rockets and tobacco hanging from the roof. "Maybe it did, mind ye. Stand up on this cask, Queer Fella, and give that stuff a bit of a shake."

Vigorous shakings dislodged nothing but a shower of centipedes and a small lizard. "If I had a light, I might see it," suggested the grocer. The proprietor brought a candle and passed it up.

"Mind ye don't set fire to any of that junk," warned Hairy Butler.

"Beg pardon, Hairy?" said Pybus, looking inquisitorily down. The candle touched a dry tongue of tobacco leaf, which went up in a puff of flame, igniting in an instant the heterogeneous bundles all round. Alberto emitted a howl of woe and pushed the grocer violently off the barrel.

"You've done it this time, Queer Fella," said the Professor, as the cause of the mischief stood rubbing stupidly at his frizzled fair hair.

"It wasn't my fault, Professor," protested Pybus. "I just looked down like, and—

"Look out!" yelled Hogs-bottle, dragging him to one side as the rockets began to fizz ominously. "We'd better get out while we can." They plunged into the crowd fighting madly round the door as "El Diluvio" became an inferno of explosions and whirling multi-coloured stars. The palm-leaf thatch was blazing fiercely as the last of them reached the open air. It was plain that the building was doomed.

"I think we might as well be strolling back to the 'Antipas,' shipmates," said Hairy Butler in a low voice. "Dagoes is a bit inclined to act unreasonable when they gets excited."

There was a general murmur of assent, and the men began to manoeuvre unobtrusively towards the edge of the crowd. They had almost reached the shelter of the nearest trees when the alarm was raised by the Commandante.

"Don't run, boys," ordered the Irishman as the vigilantes quickly surrounded them. "I'll give ye the word when it's time to vamoosie." Obediently they suffered themselves to be marched back into the glare of the fire, where the Commandante earned the applause of his indignant compatriots by plucking the cigar out of Hairy Butler's mouth and flinging it in his face.

"D'ye see the way that roof's blazing?" inquired Butler, as soon as the Commandante was out of earshot. "Twill fall in in two minutes. When the roof goes, let each man capsize the peeler alongside him and lay hold of his sword. Mind ye, boys, ye'll have to be quicker than a rat up a spout, or we're all dead men."

"Shur your talking," shouted the Commandante importantly.

Reginald Pybus began to feel a churning sensation in his stomach like that which follows the too sudden descent of a lift. Instinctively he rubbed the palms of his hands on the sides of his trousers, as he looked to see how the Professor was taking things. A reassuring wink made him feel better, and out of the corner of his eye he took stock of his own prospective victim, a villainous-looking cut-throat about five feet in height. The grocer debated whether to hit him in the stomach or trip him over backwards. Tripping would be best, he decided. But suppose the roof didn't

fall in after all, what was he to do then?

"Crash." It had proved almost childishly easy. Sprawling on his back, the vigilante gaped foolishly as the grocer possessed himself of the sword and hurried to the assistance of Old Dick, the only man who had failed to subdue his captor. The old Welshman had made a gallant attempt to overthrow the Commandante himself, only to find that warrior kneeling heavily on his own chest.

"Out of the way, Queer Fella," shouted Hairy Butler. "I've a bone to pick wid old whiskers meself." And he applied the flat of the weapon in his hand to the inviting curves presented by the Commandante.

"Beat it, shipmates, before they get the soldiers," he belied, and the crowd broke before their rush. For some distance they were pelted with sticks and coconut husks, but soon all pursuit ceased, and all was silent as they slunk aboard the "Herod Antipas."

From behind his port curtain, Ferdinand Whalebelly watched them go. "Swords, eh?" he muttered to himself.

"It's a good job we'd only a handcart full of cargo for Espadillo, for we'll have to be out of this before daylight." Slipping into his dressing-gown, he went along to call the Captain.

"Spare us a chew, Hairy," pleaded Reginald Pybus, as the pair sat on the bunker hatch unhurriedly patching an ancient weather-cloth.

"I've took a real shine to a quid of good plug since I've been standing my trick at the wheel regular."

"Take what ye want, and welcome," said the Irishman, tossing across a well-nibbled fragment which he hauled from his hip pocket. "There's small harm in a chew, Queer Fella, if so be ye're not standing to leeward of the flatfoot that's chewing it.

To-day being Friday, ye'd need something to kill the taste of that lingish lobscouse sent for'ard; 'twas stronger than a 'tweendeck of Bombay pilgrims in the heat of the Red Sea."

"Easy, Hairy, easy," warned the grocer, with a meaning glance at the Captain's bridge above. Enclosed within his canvas screens, China Hughes was taking his afternoon siesta, sprawling at ease in a long wicker chair. Pybus had developed a profound respect for his superior's slumbers since an untimely snatch of song had earned him five days' solitary scooping in the stinking bilges.

Hairy Butler nodded comprehendingly. "Never a fear, I'll not wake the asthmatical Welsh porpoise," he whispered, "though the snores of him might easy wake the watch below. I've not heard such gurgles and shnorts since General Pancho Perez thried to

By Jaspar Power

garotte the Alcalde of Parambo, when the new government came in."

"Talking of chewing," interrupted Pybus hurriedly, "what's that muck the engine-room cassub's been feeding his face with since we left Yokohama?"

"Betel nuts," said the Irishman shortly. The grim fate of the late Alcalde was one of his favourite yarns, and he did not relish the grocer's squeamish objection to hearing it again.

"No, Hairy, it's not betel nuts," persisted Pybus obstinately. "It's some stuff that's turned his eyes bloodshot and made him go all dopy like. He picked up a red-hot clinker in the stokehold this morning, and stood there holding it till the third knocked it out of his hand. His hand wasn't half burnt, the third was saying."

"Oh, he'll be ateing chandoo or bhang, or somethin'," said Hairy Butler indifferently.

"Them Malays would ate the entrails out of a skunk—small wondher ye hear of them going mad now and again."

"If there's anybody mad in this man's ship, it's Chips," said the grocer, mechanically waxing his seaming twine.

"He reckons you and the Professor have made it up to dump his Jinnycat. Says he's going up to the British Consul when we get to Lourenco Marques, to blow the gaff on both of you.

"So that's what's aggravatin' old Cabman's Compass," mused the Irishman. "I wondhered what had him going round the ship wid that death's head of a cat tucked under his oxter, like a beggar man wid his bagpipes."

"Twas but this morning I axed him to lend me the loan of a couple of brass sprigs to mend me boots wid, and he up wid the ould moggy and lep back into his room like a rat up a spout.

Divil a word he spoke, either, but he gemme a look as sour as Board O' Trade limejuice."

"Has he always been daft like that?" asked Pybus, executing a furtive shuffling manoeuvre so that his back faced the Irishman.

He had just discovered to his embarrassment that his needle had been penetrating the canvas too deeply, with the result that weather-cloth and dungaree trousers had been firmly stitched together.

"Chips has always been blank outa luck, anyway," said Hairy Butler, who had been secretly aware of the grocer's predicament for several minutes.

"What wid falling down hatches and over the wall, when he wasn't dyin' of sunstroke or the fever, old Snuffan-butter had had plenty to make him quare. Ye've heard the way he was got into trouble be the Ambassador's daughter, haven't ye?"

"No," said Pybus, "I don't think I have."

"Twas told to me be an ould fella in the Canning

Place Sailors' Home, in Liverpool. The two of them, Chips and this ould fella, was shipmates outa New York, in the days when saloons was packed as tight as the gaols are now. A big Yankee passenger packet they was in, running down to the Plate, and all them parts, and ould Misery from Mauritius sailed as carpenter's mate. He was making good money for them days, but he'd tak up wid a Swedish servant girl somewhere over in Brooklyn, who thought he was an admiral at least, and splashed round his p'ennigs accordingly. Every-

thing was bonza wid the ould Mormon, until one day he contracted a grath for a Belgian female in a dance hall in Rosario. And then, Queer Fella, he was soon lookin' round for some scheme to augment his increment."

"What?" asked the mystified grocer.

"Gettin' dimes and tickies," said Hairy Butler testily, "and pesetas and tossoaroos, to buy silks stockings for the both of them. Then there was brooches and theatres and cabs and dhrinks and bowkays and swell feeds and—"

"I see," interrupted the grocer hastily. "What happened then?"

"Hould ye're hoult till I shave off these Irish pennants," commanded the hairy one, trimming away some loose ends of ropeyarn from the lashings of the bundle he had just rolled up. A brief but intensive interlude as assistant to a Middlesbrough cheapjack had taught him the value of keeping an audience in suspense.

"Well, Queer Fella," he condescended to continue at last, "one day old Chips was down the mainhatch, fixin' up a bit of new spar ceiling, and feelin' like thirty cents.

The Svenska girl had wished him a sailor's farewell, and clewed up wid a Greek hairdresser who'd more jack to spread about the town. The Belgian was still sthickin' to him, but she'd lately took to wearing a knife in her garter and throwin' out nasty remarks about other margaritas and the Christian duty of monogamy. "Bring home the bacon," she said, "or I'll be afther makin' bacon of you."

"He was in a proper mess," was the grocer's sympathetic comment.

"Well, while he was feelin' all low and mournful like that who should come down the hatch but the Old Man, wid the purser, the boss stevedore, and a convoy of dagoes in top hats.

They was buttoned up in frock-coats, these fellas, and they'd patent leather shoes, and dhoopin' moustaches long enough to moor a ship.

When they'd all got safely to the bottom, they stood around watchin' a box bein' lowered and stowed as gentle as if the Crown Jewels themselves was in it. When they'd seen this

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

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|---------|---------|
| CHAR | VOUCH |
| RAVINE | PLOT |
| OREGON | RUSH |
| WON | DUBIETY |
| LUG | SAG |
| IDEAL | THREE |
| ZIP | TEN |
| ACCEDES | PAM |
| POUT | RESUME |
| TILT | TAUTEN |
| FLESH | PELT |

CLUES DOWN.

1 Mood. 2 Occupant. 3 Drank by spoonfuls. 4 Verse. 6 Be indebted for. 7 Reason against. 8 Painter. 9 Spring. 11 Leather. 14 Female animal. 15 Witty saying. 20 Reptile. 21 Farm animal. 23 Blow. 24 Leather worker. 26 Roundup. 27 Distributed. 29 Lubricant. 30 Protuberance. 32 Weeded. 33 Unit of energy. 35 Rush along. 37 Stamp.

done, the greasers went away up the ladder agen and off home to beat their wives."

"What was in the box?" asked Pybus, unskillfully spitting out his accumulated tobacco juice.

"Ah, what was in it!" repeated the Irishman with relish.

"All the time the ship was making ready for sea the ould cat-fancier axed himself that same question.

There was talk at the time of another revolution down South, and he'd an idea there might be pistols in the box—small-arms fetched their weight in gold in them days.

Or agen, it might have been gold watches, or silk frocks, or the like of that. There's plenty down the Plate'll buy without axin' questions, Queer Fella."

"There's people like that in most ports, if you ask me," said the grocer, busily plying his leather palm.

"True for ye," agreed the Irishman tolerantly, "and black villyins most of them are. I remember lyin' in Constantinople once, and—"

"What about Chips and this here box?" hinted Pybus doggedly, with the Englishman's innate horror of digression.

"Amn't I tellin' ye about the box, only ye keep on interruptin' me," said Hairy Butler impatiently.

"Well, one night when they was off Cape Horn, our bould carpentaro riz up in the middle watch to find out what was in it. A black wild night it was, wid the wind in the nor'east, and raindrops comin' down each the size of a bucket, and all shtuck together at that. But Chippy was all the better pleased, for there was less chance he'd be seen at his nefarious activities.

"When he got to the mainhatch, he gently knocked out the wedges, hoisted a corner to the tarpaulin like this, and in the end slipped a hatch far enough athwart the others to get his foot on the ladder."

"You seem to know a lot about getting down hatches," suggested Pybus maliciously, after watching the vivid pantomime accompanying the other's last few words.

"And why wouldn't I?" countered the unruffled Butler. "Anyway, down he went, and poked about be the light of a candle end till he found the box he was lookin' for. Takin' cold chisels and other contrivances from his pocket, he fell a victim to sudden temptation and shrtarted in to broach it.

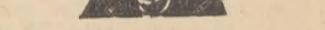
A fine strong piece of work it was, all dovetailed together, and long before he got the lid off it the sweat ran down him in cathartics."

"What did he find, Hairy?" demanded the grocer, as the Irishman paused impressively.

(To be continued)

QUIZ

For today



1. A clinometer is a medical thermometer, a cyclist's speedometer, a geological instrument, scale for measuring fingerprints?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Glamorgan, Cheshire, Anglesey, Isle of Wight, Lincolnshire, Durham?

3. Which British Premiers have also been novelists?

4. Which British poet was killed while fighting for Greek independence?

5. What are the four strings of a violin?

6. A native of Manchester is—a Mancunian, Manchur

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

PARLIAMENT.

OUR Political Correspondent writes: Yesterday's debate on the water shortage died out without any of the promised heat.

The Minister for Restrictions said that the House was well aware that, owing to the exceptionally dry winter, there was likely to be a shortage of water during the summer, and householders had been asked to economise in its use. Whilst he did not wish to ration it, he would be compelled to do so if the public did not take that warning seriously.

It had come to his knowledge—and he had no doubt that his information was correct—that some people had been unpatriotic enough to drink water, regularly and in large quantities. It might be, of course, that some folk really liked it as a beverage, though he could not help thinking that this was just a matter of fancy.

It might be, also, just another example of the fact that, when anything was in short supply, certain anti-social citizens made every effort to obtain large quantities of the scarce commodity.

On the other hand—and the Minister thought this might be the real explanation—there seemed to be an impression that water as a beverage was healthy, and that the old theory still held instead of having been exploded by scientists at the Ministry of Food—he referred to the idea that it was necessary to drink at least a couple of quarts of water a day in order to keep the kidneys flushed.

If the evidence of those eminent scientists was not considered adequate, he would remind the House of what an eminent physician, Lord Quack, had said only the other day.

Iron, Lord Quack had stated, was one of the strongest of materials, but let it lie in water for a time and it becomes rusty, and eventually was eaten away. It disintegrated.

As the human body was nothing like so strong as iron (Lord Quack went on), surely the meanest intelligence must realise the effect that water must have on one's inside. Further, water, as was well known, dropping continuously, would wear away the hardest stone.

It should need little effort of the imagination to picture the appalling effect of water, dropping day after day, week after week, month after month, down the gullet on to the delicate membranes of the human stomach.

That, said the Minister, was the studied opinion of a great doctor. Altogether apart from the selfish use of something that was urgently needed for munitions and other vital war work, he would implore his fellow-countrymen to remember that the practice to which he had referred might, if not checked, have the gravest influence on the health of the country. It pointed the way direct to a C3 nation.

Mr. Al Cahol (Old Brewery) said that he hoped the Ministers' timely warning would be taken to heart by the fiddle-faddling fanatics and namby-pamby nincompoops who seemed to be ashamed that Britain was built on beer.

He had heard of people who drank their bath water. If they must drink water, let them drink water that would otherwise go to waste; although, he confessed, he feared that such a practice might lead to inflation.

Queen Elizabeth never used water inside, and very seldom outside. If he reminded hon. Members that under her rule England flourished as never before, it seemed hardly necessary for him to insult the intelligence of the House by drawing the obvious conclusion.

Lady Plaster (Drymouth) expressed disagreement. On purely economical grounds she thought that the more uses to which any commodity could be put the better.

If water could be used for other than its primary purposes—those of washing and drowning in—then by all means let it be used.

There was a place for everything. Whilst she was prepared to admit that water in certain places was harmful, as, for example, on the knee or on the brain.

The Speaker: Will the hon. Member kindly confine her attention to the matter under discussion?

Lady Plaster: O.K., Chief.

She went on to say that our Empire had been built up, not on beer, but on water. Where, she concluded, would the Navy have been without it?

Mr. Hallelujah Skinful (Seaview) said that although he never touched the rot-gut stuff himself (Cries of "Order"), he thought that to limit its use arbitrarily was to strike a blow at progress, freedom, the individual conscience—in a word, at democracy. As far as Lord Quack was concerned, he would say anything he was paid to say. (Cries of "Shame.")

Winding up the debate for the Government, the Parliamentary Secretary for Reconstruction said that it just showed. On the whole, the opinion of the House was overwhelmingly in favour of the—er—opposed to the opposition. He would just add that as one part of the plan to save water it had been decided that all water extracted by the various dehydration processes, such as that for meat and vegetables, would be put to use.

The House then rose.

Good Morning



Paramount star, Betty Hutton, puts action into her song, "He's got a funny face, and he's a little creaky in the joints."



"Before we can fraternise let's get this straight. Are you Fighting French or not? If you're not, then you fight just the same."



IN CONFIDENCE

"There's a breath of warm air coming over my shoulder, but I can't say that I'm over fond of it."



MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT

An American Terrapin tortoise, famed for its beautifully marked "under-carriage."



THIS ENGLAND

Within about half-a-dozen miles from the City of London. Church Row and Hampstead Parish Church.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Good old 'appy 'ampstead"

